

Unspoken

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Summary: John meets and old friend on that Observation Deck on the Infinity after Lasky leaves. Picks up after the events of Halo 4. One-Shot.

Unspoken

This scene has been playing in my head for a little bitâ€¦

Just a little fluffiness... and Yaoi. Don't like, don't read. But tell your friends, in case they like and can read. Don't hate! I'm building a new ship here! Innovation and all that shit.

The day I turn into a software company called 343, I will own _Halo_. Until such a time, I do not. Y'all know that.

Fred x John. Super fluffy. :)

* * *

<p>Unspoken

Master Chief turned, hearing foot steps racing up the hall. The Observation Deck door couldn't swing open fast enough. John swayed back on impact, armored back clinking against the railing. He brought his hands down, landing them on Fred's shoulders. Neither one of them needed to actually say anythingâ€”their actions spoke volumes on their behalf.

I'm so glad you're back. They told me you were deadâ€¦|

Me, too. Said we lost you on some planet while I was on the second Haloâ€¦|

I was so worried about youâ€¦| Almost aloneâ€¦|

I was worried about you, too. With the Flood and the Forerunner bots and, hellâ€¦

"I missed you."

They both said it at the same time, in the same low tone. Fred looked up, arms locked around John's armored waist. Fred eased back, trying to compose himself, but unable to hide the slight jitters he was feeling out of sheer happiness to have his best friend back. Then he realized something and his expression fell.

"Howâ€¦?"

"I nuked the Didact's death ballâ€¦ She protected me with a hard-light shield, but she was destroyedâ€¦" John stared out at Earth. "I know I'm not the only oneâ€¦"

"It's worth it," Fred said, answering John's unasked question. "It is."

"You think so?"

"Mm hmm," Fred nodded, looking out at Earth, standing by his friend. "We found out Kurt was alive that whole timeâ€¦"

"Yeah? How'd he die?"

"Nuked some Covvies to give us a safe route out," Fred admitted, looking down at the railing. He glanced over and saw John's hand not too far from his. He reached out and brushed John's fingers with his. _I know how you feelâ€¦ Better than anyone, I do._

John lowered his helmeted head, down to look at the contact._ I know._

"I'm just glad to be back, Fred," John said, shifting his hand so it was covering Fred's. "And loosing her didn't hurt nearly as much as the thought of loosing you."

>Fred got the full effect of those wordsâ€¦the verbal and the unspoken, uncensored version. Physical contact was something of a sacred thing among Spartans. If you weren't helping someone up or supporting them, it was almost never done. The hug had been over the top (though, understandablyâ€¦it was mainly out of relief) already, but John touching his hand like that? That was so far beyond. It said things that were too dangerous for them to say out loud.<p>

"Like I saidâ€¦" Fred whispered, moving closer. "I know how you feel, better than anyone."

John almost recoiled when Fred tipped off his helmet, letting it crash to the floor. The shorter Spartan stood on his toes, craning his neck, and pecked a kiss to John's cheek. John's breath froze in his lungs and he looked at his friend with surprise. It was a gesture unheard of.

And he'd never liked being one-upped.

John leaned down and kissed Fred, full on the mouth. Rather than recoil in surprise, Fred unlatched the hand from John's collar and

slid his arm around John's neck, kissing him back. Fred smelled clean, like a freshly ironed uniform, but also like steel and gun oil. John enjoyed the smell as they turned. Fred's shoulders bumped the glass and his hips pressed against the railing. He unhooked his hand from around John's neck and planted it on his armored chest, pushing gently. John was afraid he'd hurt him, what with being in full Mjolnir while Fred was in just his fatigues, and backed up quickly.

"Youâ€| need to get out of this armor and take a shower," Fred said. John sighed and offered a small smile. Fred grinned back. "I'd be happy to pick this up after you've done that, though."

John smiled a little wider at that. Fred edged around him and made for the door, only then remembering John was still holding his hand. The armored Spartan pulled his superior closer and leaned down, kissing him chastely on the top lip. _I'll hold you to that._

Fred smiled up at him. _Me, too._

* * *

><p>So... What'd you guys think? Lemme know...
:)<p>

~Anarkyrie

End
file.